



It's the year 2099



208 12 27

Chapter 1 by Cat4055

"Wait," I said, interrupting the teacher, "You're telling us there used to be blue sky?"

"Yeah, that doesn't sound right," my friend said.

"There's no way that's possible." Someone else in the back said.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



The teacher sighed, pushing her glasses up with a free finger. She was used to fielding these types of doubts from us. As one of Shern'a's last Teachers, she must have felt a tremendous amount of pressure from her small class of three hundred.

"I can assure you that it is, Glenn," she said, directing our attention to the now sulking student, "and I can prove it." Rustling around in her desk, I was already expecting something extraordinary. Miss Morning always held treats in her desk to entice our interest. It was a wonder why what was practically the last living evidence of the Old World was living in her desk and not, say, in a museum or the hands of a thief. She had her own methods that she kept private.

I was certainly not expecting the Photograph, however. She waved it like a flag, hailing our attention.

"Taken in 1990 by a wistful teenager, you can clearly see..."

"That the sky is blue," responded Glenn wistfully. We giggled. But some were not convinced.

"It was probably edited," whined Jean, a particularly hard-to-please individual.

See more of Story Wars

"Film can't be edited, dummy," I said. I was the only one of our classroom

Miss Morning chided us, vowing to show us something particularly powerful and ignored her

Login

or

Create new account

"And how do you know that?" she sniffed. "You all just eat up what she says. My dad says that the Old World didn't even exist."

Ruffled cries of varying hurt and childish idiocy rose from the classroom's mouths, mine included.

"And besides," Jean added, only fueled by our displeasure, "Even if it's true, who cares? The sky isn't blue anymore. That's that."

My hands were all but shaking at this point. I was about to do something very, very stupid.

Chapter 3 by Ayla Cerise



Miss Morning shook her head and moved her finger from left to right three times.

"You should care. Everybody should," she stated with her wise eyes rested on Jean. "The sky was beautiful. More than that. I wish I could have existed back when it changed shades of blue. When sunrises and sunsets were the best part of the day."

Everybody quieted down once they heard those words. Even if they didn't believe her, they were still mesmerized by the stories.

It was the perfect time for me to respond childishly. I had been stressing about doing this since she started her lecture. I reached into the pocket of my blue jeans, which were coming back into fashion, and pulled out a photograph of my own. Of green grass and yellow daisies.

I hesitantly raised my shaky hand into the air, the Photograph clutched tightly between my thumb and fore finger. My classmates didn't notice until they saw Miss Morning gazing at me with her jaw dropped so low it could have reached the floor. A roar of gasps and chairs squeeking against the floor was heard, and almost every child in the room was gathered around my shivering arm, which was still raised and starting to get tired.

Miss Morning carefully pulled the film out of my hand and observed it for a good five minutes. The room completely silent, the whole time. She looked at the small photo and stared at me again.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"This is genuine. Was the grass really green?" She was so in awe. And she continued to talk before I had the time to answer her questions.

It was like I was her Superior. And she was just another student.

"My dad gave it to me. It was in an old album made by one of my ancestors in 2010. He said not to show anyone.. but.." I shrugged my shoulders.

I had never heard a class be so quiet for so long. I had never seen that look in Miss Morning's eyes. She handed it back to me, and composed herself to continue her teaching, after having learned this incredible new detail of what the Old World used to be like.

Chapter 4 by TRINITY P.



"The Old World must've been beautiful." She continued.

We all nodded in agreement.

The walls gave out a loud, shrill noise.

"Class dismissed!" She called out.

Walking out of the room I was staring at the picture of what my father called a "meadow".

I glance at the light orange sky, and then look at the light blue sky in the photograph, and the green grass in the picture, then look down and look at the gray grass.

"Surely the grass was always meant to be green." Said my best friend Elliot.

"Then why is it gray now?" I said unconvinced.

"Who knows," Elliot said.

"I think. aliens destroyed the Old World. and took us here. to Jupiter!" Said my friend Alex

excitedly. (He's the imaginative one of the group.)

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 5 by Joyce Miller

Login

or

Create new account



"Really? You still believe in that?" I asked. "Yes," Alex said as she sped past with her arrogant nose held so high that it could touch the ceiling.

We stared at her with raised eyebrows. Something always manages to rub her off the wrong way.

"She didn't need to be so blunt," Alex pouted, rubbing one of his elbows.

Of course, me and Elliot immediately avoided his eyes because Jean just stated exactly what we wanted to say, except in a harsher way.

Alex glared at us, so very glad that he's got such an amazing support system.

Elliot finally broke the unbearable silence," Um..She definitely was a bit mean. But don't take it personally, she's unsatisfied about everybody. Speaking of satisfaction, do you guys want to go to I-Scream for some bloody mary ice-cream?"

"I have sooo much homework today...can we go tomorrow? Tomorrow's Friday. We can celebrate our liberation from school tomorrow," I tried to convinced them to change their mind. In reality, I don't have that much homework, it's just that I've been having a strange premonition since I showed my dad's photo this afternoon. I felt sick.

"Oh that sucks. Your mom always give you so many extracurricular classes. I guess we'll just go tomorrow then," Elliot chimed in.

I sighed in relief, ignoring the cold sweat on my palms.

Chapter 6 by Tsavo



It was a cold walk home and the air was very humid, thick enough to the point where it slowed you down. I arrived home with a relief in my body. I opened the front door and made my way down to the basement where I started on my homework.

"Find the missing variable for the equation", I read out loud. I never liked doing homework, but I decided to do it anyway, it would help me out at some point in the future I would always think to

myself. I continued through my paper when I was surprised by a thud that came from across the library. I turn around to see a big book on the floor. I get out of the chair I'm sitting in and walk over to the book. It was a thick book with the spine shattering on the cover. The Complete Almanac of His... I was curious as to what the book was about. I had always been a big fan of books.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I opened the front cover to find all the years from 1899 to 2020 listed from top to bottom on the table of contents. I proceed to start reading the book starting at the year 1899. And let me tell you, reading that book was much better than doing my homework.

Chapter 7 by Moist



I felt like I was lost at that moment, I was confused and crying. Had my whole life been a lie? But why, why would someone want to hide something like that from me. Since when was life not perfect, and when did things have color? I couldn't believe it, and I didn't...not until I found some proof. I opened to the date of my birthday 2087. No sign of color here, I kept flipping through the pages until I got to 2030 and there was a black and white picture with a caption below it that said

Here is a beautiful picture that shows a rainbow reflecting all the beautiful colors of the color spectrum, sadly years ago our color was taken away, and so was most of our social lives due to... it didn't finish. The rest was scribbled out. I went to various pages flipping through each one, the ones that talked about color or our history of color all had scribbles right where it was about to give the answer. And when I asked how our world got rid of color to my teacher she hesitated and distracted us with a new topic. Whatever was going on here I had to figure out, and I wasn't gonna wait. I was going to start right now.

Write a draft for the last chapter

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account